

Butte Department.

WE CAN NOT DENY GOD

When Men or Nations Begin to Disbelieve They Fall.

INSTANCE BABYLON'S RUIN

Rev. Mr. Gliddon Cites Historical Facts to Prove That They Who Mistrust the Supreme Being Are Doomed.

Rev. Mr. Gliddon preached at the First Baptist church last evening on the subject, "Her Eternal Ladyship." The text was, Isaiah xlviii, c. 7 v.—"Thou saidst, 'I shall be a lady forever.'"

The speaker said, "Now, who said this? It was Babylon, the wonder of the world. A place that almost baffles conception or description. The city was square, 15 miles each way. The walls were 85 feet in thickness and were surrounded by towers 250 feet in height. It was built on either side of the river Euphrates, which river was spanned by a bridge, right in the center of the city. On one side of the bridge were the hanging gardens, terrace above terrace, height above height, of tree and fern and bush and flower. The horticultural and agricultural products of all nations were found there in rich profusion, till what with the gorgeousness of the brilliant tropical red and blue and the splendors of the temperate lily-whiteness and autumn-gold and the beauties of the tall mountain cedar, it must have seemed as if heaven's spinners, anxious to curtain the setting sun, had woven all that beautifulness in the loom of the golden west, and then had forgotten to take it away!

"On the other side of the river there was a temple, three miles round, built on an artificial mound 100 feet in height. The city was called The Astonishment of the Nations, and well might it be so named; for, for gayety, it was a Paris, for culture a Boston, for push and go a Chicago, for business a New York, for solid wealth a London; but for size it was a Babylon. What could be more impregnable than that city? What more independent of the world? For was not everything grown and spun and worked within her walls? What polity? What glory? It was just when Babylon was at the very apex of her glory that she is, through the prophet Isaiah, represented as using these words, 'I shall be a lady forever,' and in a few strokes the old prophet draws one of the most dramatic pen and ink sketches that the world has ever seen. He pictures Babylon. There she sits before us—a lady, beautiful face, perfect form, fashionable dress, costly apparel, seated on throne of ivory, flanked on either side by lions of solid gold standing on tessellated pavement of costly mosaic. A lady, a proud lady, a defiant lady. She speaks, 'I shall be a lady forever,' and then comes another voice, still, small and far, wonderful, almighty, 'Come down and sit in the dust.' And then the scene changes. A strange oppressiveness of terror falls. The window shades that gently toned down the fierce eastern light seemed to enfold a sepulchral darkness. The once fair face is pallid with fear. The costly robe looks as though bedraggled in the dust. Outside is heard the sound of soldiery, the pawing of war horses, the clanking of chariot chains; and all sounds that speak of the terrors of the tented field, and the proud boaster has bitten the dust.

"That wonderful picture of Babylon's fall, left here for us on the leaves of the Bible is another example of the mighty power of pictorial truth. The very startlingness of the story leads you and me to ask why it was that this collapse occurred; and as we look round for the reason we find the causes that ruin manhood in every age, whether that manhood be the manhood of the individual or the manhood of the nation. You will find them put in the peculiar oriental language in this same chapter in which the drama is painted—'Thou art given to pleasure; thou dwellest carelessly; thou sayest in thine heart, I am and there is none else.' In other words it was because Babylon turned her back upon God, and in that term I include everything good—good actions, good thoughts, good living; it was because she turned her back upon these that the collapse came. It is true to-day, as it always was, that you cannot build up a nation, you cannot build up a state, you cannot build up a city, you cannot build up a character that will make a true manhood unless God and His precepts are honored. The historical books of the Bible are filled with proofs of this statement, and the history of Greece and Rome, in later days, is interlined with the same evidence. Even modern history reminds us of this fact. There is France, a nation dear to every American who remembers its heroic and unselfish Lafayette. France, during the reign of terror, decided to throw God overboard; so in 1794 the national assembly declared that henceforth France would be a nation of atheists. God was shut out; shut out as much or as little as puny man who trembles at empty nothingness like strange noises and becomes blanched and pale at soft, yielding darkness through which he could put his fist. But God was shut out, and the divine name was spelled with a small letter, and France had sent into heaven its declaration of independence of Deity. But it did not last long. In a few weeks Robespierre—yes, even Robespierre the despicable—proclaimed in the convention that a belief in God is necessary to those principles of virtue and morality upon which alone a republic can be securely founded; and after hearing his speech, the representatives voted by acclamation that the French people acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.

Unfortunately for France this was and has been only a mere acknowledgment, something formal and that never took hold of the national life; so that in Napoleon's day the nation, though acknowledging God, was without any real religion, and those who recognized that fact and saw its dangers tried various remedies and made suggestions as to what they thought could be done to meet the case. Some of these were presented to Napoleon, and he heard them one by one, and then said, 'No, the gospel alone gives us a complete assemblage of those principles of morality that we need. Do you wish to see what is really sublime? Then repeat the Lord's Prayer.' And France did no more than see the sublime. It is easy to tell all the

reasons why this was, but one reason was, I think, that for long years the only suggestion of religion she possessed was the more or less gorgeous display of pomp and splendor of the dramatic ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church. That eyes all; and ceremonies, whether Protestant or Popish, it matters not, are never vital, for they are simply dramatized creed, not disciplined character. So France merely gazed upon the sublime, and told her beads and repeated her paternosters, until the day came when she was tired of the spectacle, and to-day the traveler in that land meets a good-hearted, excitable, hospitable, generous people, who smile politely when religion is talked about and comment upon the priest and the parson with a shrug of the shoulders. But France is declining. The very language is dying out at every point. The population is falling back and below the death rate; until the people are wondering whether the glory of the past will ever again be the lot of France. Just how deeply that is felt will be understood when I tell you that the Paris newspaper, L'Univers only lately said that in 50 years France will have fallen below Spain and Italy; and, continued the editorial writer, if these things continue, 'we are a lost nation.'

"I would like you to think of this to-night because we very seldom take into account the fact that acknowledgment of God and His claims has anything to do with such powers as nations and their rise and fall. But there it is right before our eyes, France declining, and doing so despite the fact that no nation has so many features that work for national prosperity as she has. She has more money per capita than any other nation on earth; for while Great Britain has \$20.44 per capita and the United States \$26.02, the French have \$36.81. Again, we are in this country crying out against a state of affairs that makes it possible for the wealth of the nation to be more and more concentrated in a few hands, while in France there is a decrease in the growth of great fortunes. In that land though the national debt since the war has increased two-fold, yet the holders have not doubled; but quadrupled; and the masses are increasingly able to save; and in Paris it has been found that one-half of the municipal bonds of that city are held by people who are poor and able only to buy one bond, and not by men of great wealth as in this country. In France 65 per cent. of the houses are occupied by their owners; and yet they are the things that our political orators and economists tell us insure national success, we have to face the truth that that nation is not even standing still, but going backwards; and if you will study the nation and the national characteristics you will be likely to share the conviction of one of France's brightest economists, P. LeRay Beaumont, who, after studying the whole question, particularly from the statistical and historical standpoint, said that he had noticed that the decline of France has been all along and always associated with a lessening of religious belief on the part of the people, and you will agree with Benjamin Kidd who, in his Social Evolution, shows that nations decline whenever they let their religious life decline or whenever the precepts of religion, the precepts of right and wrong, cease to be a living, guiding force.

"And the same is true of man. You cannot build manhood and womanhood if you neglect God. I know of no more interesting confirmation of how true this is felt to be than to look at the great secret societies whose stated aim is the improvement of manhood, e. g., the Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights of Pythias. They all demand that every member believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, a being above all and to whom all are accountable. I know no more tacit admission that manhood cannot otherwise be saved from going downward than that. They all by their teachings, confirm the parable teaching of Babylon's fall and ruin, and they are a living commentary on David's statement, 'The fool; i. e., the foolish man (not the rough, coarse, almost brutal word we often hear used, but the foolish man) hath said in his heart, There is no God.' For the man who takes the precepts of folly for his Bible and guide book can never build for himself the strong tower of true manhood."

NOT DEAD, BUT—

Sam Gordon Falls Into the Hands of Caprice Hall Delegates.

Sam Gordon, the veteran journalist of Eastern Montana, fell into the hands of a hard gang one night at the republican state convention at Helena. The Silver Bow Caprice hall crowd had the entire parlor floor of the hotel and room 27 was known as their official headquarters, the rest of the floor being used as sleeping rooms for the Silver Bow delegates and their friends. When Sam Gordon arrived from Custer county the rooms were all gone and Sam was given a cot in the hall. The journalist deliberated at the bar several hours that night, doubtless, as to whether he ought to go to bed at all or not. It was late when he finally concluded to retire and when he got into his little cot in the hall he lost no time in falling into a very sound sleep. Late as it was, there were others. A gang of Butte boys came along the hall to their rooms a little before morning and found Sam sleeping soundly on the little cot. They carried the little cot with its mammoth contents into room 27, lifted Sam up from the cot and laid him out on the floor. The sleeper never stirred. His hands were piously crossed over his breast and a sheet drawn over him. The boys hunted up some crape and hung it on the door with an inscription, which read:

..... Died.....
..... Sam Gordon.....
..... A Goldbug.....
..... Inquest at 9:30.....

When Gordon woke up the next day he remarked: "That Silver Bow crowd are high flyers."

Not His Kind of Fish.

"You'll never take it out," he said emphatically. "Mostly I'm willin' ter stan' aside an' let yer hev yer own way about runnin' the house, but I must set my foot down in this case. It's got ter go."

"What're talkin' 'bout?"

"That aquarium ye put on the center table in the parlor. It's full of gold fish, an' they annoy me."

The Year on Mars.

The year of Mars is almost twice as long as it is on our planet.

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YOUNG TILL TAPPER

Joe Harrington, 12 Years Old, Steals Money and Confesses His Guilt.

MAY NOT BE PROSECUTED

L. E. Daigler, Who Returns From the North, Says That the Crees Are All Coming Back to Montana Again.

There are a good many tough youngsters in Butte and quite a number of them have become acquainted with the interior of the city jail, but Joe Harrington, a little newsboy, is the youngest one who has ever been locked up on a serious charge. Joe is only 12 years old but he was locked up yesterday morning for tapping the till in the postoffice news stand, and the manner in which the job was done shows that he has had competent instruction in the art of thievery besides having a natural aptitude for the burglar's profession. It was not the boy's first experience in taking articles of value that did not belong to him, nor was it the first time that he had come in contact with the police. The identity of the till tapper would never have been discovered however, but for the fact that he concluded that he had struck a good thing and played it too strong.

The postoffice is opened very early in the morning and the proprietor of the news stand which occupies one corner of it does not get around until some time later. Soon after the office was opened on Saturday morning little Joe and a companion of about his own age who has not yet been arrested quietly sneaked in behind the counter of the news stand, forced open the cash drawer with a screwdriver and got away with about \$5 in small change which had been left in the drawer over night.

The money came so easy that they returned for some more yesterday morning, but one of the postoffice employees heard them boring around the lock of the cash drawer and captured Harrington and turned him over to Officer King. The boy at first denied his guilt but afterwards confessed to having robbed the till on Saturday morning. The proprietor of the news stand does not want to prosecute the little fellow however and it is not likely that the case will be pushed. Joe has been implicated in several petty robberies before with two other youngsters known as "Alabama" and "One-eyed Charlie," but has never been prosecuted.

L. E. Daigler, who has just returned from a business trip through Northern and Western Montana, reports that nearly all of the Cree Indians who were recently returned to Canada are back in Montana again. "The Crees followed the United States troops back," said Mr. Daigler, "and it is an actual fact that some of them circled around the troops and reached Fort Assiniboine ahead of the soldiers who had taken them across the border. Havre is thick with them and they are as numerous as ever around Great Falls, Missoula, Drummond and all through that country. They manage to live much easier here than in Canada and they propose to stay here. The money that was expended in escorting them out of Montana was just that much money thrown away."

TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Fred LaChapelle Had Given Reasons for His Desire to Die.

It was discovered yesterday that Fred LaChapelle, Saturday evening's suicide, had been suffering from an incurable disease for several years, and it is supposed that this fact had a good deal to do with the despondency which he ended with a bullet. The coroner found half a dozen persons yesterday to whom LaChapelle had said that he would kill himself, and these threats had been repeated so often during the past week that his death did not occasion a great deal of surprise among those who were best acquainted with him. It is probable that he will be buried here. His uncle, Dr. LaChapelle, telegraphed the coroner yesterday as follows from Montreal: "If Fred left no will asking that his body be taken home, have it buried in Butte and write particulars."

The Princess Charles of Denmark has a priceless collection of lace handkerchiefs, according to an English newspaper. All are Honiton lace, in different designs, with the princess' monogram and crown introduced.

New second-hand store, 124 W. Park.

Just received—5,000 pairs rubbers and overshoes; 25 West Park, Butte, John Tassell.

Read your "Standard," then send it to your eastern friends as a silver missionary.

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Located at 112-114 East Galena street, near Arizona, comprising tools, machinery, engines, boilers, hoists, pumps and a variety of mining and other supplies and repairs.

As this is a part of the OLD BUTTE HARDWARE CO.,

The business must be closed and stock sold at once, either in lump or separately. Following is a partial list of the stock:

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2 8x8 Single Upright Hoisting Engines 275.00
1 10x14 Single San Francisco Hoisting Engine 400.00
1 12x20 Double Cylinder Hoisting Engine 400.00
1 8x8 Single Hoisting Engine and Boiler 600.00
1 10-H. P. Locomotive Boiler and Engine 250.00
1 17 H. P. Locomotive Boiler 300.00
1 20 H. P. Locomotive Boiler 150.00
2 No. 4 Knowles Sinks 150.00
1 No. 3 Knowles Sink 200.00

Parties using or dealing in such supplies may secure good bargains by giving early attention. For further information call on or address

John D. Haines, Room 6, over State Savings Bank Box 1039, Butte, Mont.

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Fabulously Low Prices

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We show an exceedingly handsome line of Figured and Plain Taffetas, the very newest and most stylish fabrics in Silk for Waists and Skirts that have ever been shown. We can and will sell them at about half their legitimate value.....

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Ladies' Heavy Dongola Lace, Pointed toe, waterproof..... 4.00
Ladies' Box Calf Lace, Pointed toe, waterproof..... 5.00
Ladies' Fine Kid, Button or Lace, Pointed or Square toe..... 5.00
Ladies' Fine Kid, Cushion Cork Sole, Lace, Pointed toe..... 6.00
Ladies' "Ox Blood," the new shade, Pointed toe..... 5.00
A fine line of Men's Dark Tan Lace Shoes, Calf Lined, for fall wear, just arrived.

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